26

NEVV LAMBETH FAYRE

NEWLY

CONSECRATED AND PRESENTED BY THE

POPE HIMSELFE, CARDINALS, BISHOPS, IESVITS, &C.

VVherein all *Romes Reliques* are set at sale, With the old *Fayre* Corrected and enlarged, Opening and Vending the whole Mistery of Iniquity.

By *Richard Overton.*

VVith remarkable *Annotations* declaring under what *Pope*, and in what yeare of our LORD every Relique and *Ceremonie* came into the Church.

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HAMBLET

To the READER.

THis Vessell once hath lane' d into the Maine
But being landed, must to Sea againe,
Her decks repair' d, and every place beside
Shee'l venture once more on the falling Tyde
Fraught with more Reliques, *then she was before*
Such as Romes Conclave *long hath kept in store*
Ship-splitting Rocks, with fearce tempestious wind
Shee dreads not (READER) *if thou be'st but kind*
If Boreas *storme, and all the* Winds *beside,*
Thy kind accept ance will allay their pride,
be not prejudicate, but if thine eye
Pry out their faults, be pleas' d to passe them by.

Thus then, she ventures, to present her Wares,
And bids you welcome to New Lambeth Fayre.

NEVV,

NEW
LAMBETH-FAYRE,
Opening and Vending the whole Mistery of Iniquitie.

THe *Pope* of *Rome* to heare the great distresse
Of our *Lord Bishops*, and their bad successe
At the late *Fayre* of *Lambeth*, was perplext,
And at their trading there was highly vext,
That in a fury (posting thence amaine,)
He came to consecrate the *Fayre* againe,
With * *Cardinals* (puft up with *Roman* pride)
And lofty *Prelats*, and a world beside
Of *Iesuits*, Yea, *Hells* Infernall Gate
Was set wide open, to advance their state,
From whose black sulpherous smoak, there did arise
Legions of *Locusts* (darkning all the skyes)
Thousand of thousands, *Monks* and *Fryers* store
And *Virgin Nuns*, came to attend the WHORE,
'Tis endlesse to expresse, such was the *Traine*
That did presse after with their might and maine:
Such Troops of *Black-coats* came unto this *Fayre*,
Which cast a sable darknesse on the aire,
Which made my *Muse*, to view that ghastly sight,
To be afraid they'd turne the day to Night:
A numerous *Fleet* of *Ships* were richly fraught,
And all with safety to the *Land* were brought,
With sacred *Reliques*, *Trinkets* long before
Expel'd this *Iland*, now were brought a shore
Which being done; the *Pope* did then prepare
Himselfe, again to *consecrate* the *Fayre*:
The strange *Seaven headed Beast* pranc'd through the *Town*

* *Pope Silvester* the first appointed the Colledg of *Cardinalls* *Anno*, 315. *Pope Marcellus* ordained 16. in *Rome* to baptize converts from Paganisme; and for the buriall of *Martyrs*.

The Order of *Iesuites* was the Invention of *Ignatius Columbinus* in *Scena* a City of *Hethruria* *Anno*, 1368.

* The Order of *Monks* first raised by *Basilius Magnus* Bishop of *Cesaria* in *Cappadocea* *Anno*, 389.

Having ten *Hornes*, and every *Horne* a *Crowne*,
And on his back his *Holineſſe* he bore
Which was an *Emblem* of great *Babells* WHORE;
The *Cardinalls*, *Prieſts*, *Prelats*, and the reſt
Rode in ſtate after (*wondring at the Beaſt*;)
Who as he rode along did *conſecrate*
The *Fayre* againe to more propitious *Fate*:
Which being done, and all their *Booths* were made,
With all things fitting for that holy *Trade*,
Vpon their *Booths* and *Stalls* for feare of evill,
Were *Croſſes* ſet to ſcare away the *Divell*.
The *Cryer* then commanded did proclame
The *Fayre* again, thus in his *Holy Name*.

O-yes-O-yes-O-yes.

(a) *Pope Bennet* the 2. obtained the ſupremacy of *Emperour Conſtantine* and to be *Chriſts Vicar*, St. *Peters* Succeſſor &c. *Anno*, 667.

The ſaid *Emperour* gave to *Pope Silueſter* and his ſucceſſors, *Rome*, *Italy*, and the *Weſt* parts for St. *Peters Patrimony* for ever.

IT is decreed, ordered, and this day commanded by the Councell of all the holy Church, firſt of our moſt holy Father of Fathers a St. *Peters* Succeſſor, *Chriſts* Vicar, our high *Prieſt*, chiefe *Pontifex* and *Pope* of *Rome*, his *Cardinalls*, Arch-Biſhops and Biſhops, and of all the Clergie of the Holy Church, that (in the name of his Holineſſe, and of the bleſſed Virgin *Mary*, and of all the he and ſhe *Saints*) forthwith this holy and ſpirituall *Fayre* (thus conſecrated) ſhall begin, wherin all ſorts of ſacred Ware and *Babaloniſh Reliques* ſhall be ſet at ſale for the ranſoming of his impriſoned holineſſe, *William Laud* Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, *Primate* and *Metropolitan* of all *England*, his Grace, with the reſt of his ſacred Brethren now in durance in the Tower for their moſt pious papall and Archprelaticall Proteſtation and Petition, and for the rayſing up ſupply for their Viaticall expenſes with us in our returne to *Babilon* the Great.

Vivat papa Romanorum
In ſecula ſeculorum, Et ultra. Amen Amen.

This done the *Pope* (in hight of *Romiſh* pride)
With (b) *Cardinalls*, and all the *Troop* beſide
Of *Hell ſmoak-vented Locuſts* ſhew'd their Ware
Which they brought with them to *New Lambeth Fayre*.
Heer's a rare *Head*, the *Pope* cry'd out amaine.
'Tis ſtuft with *Treaſons* full as't can containe,
Come buy this *Head*, 'tis fild with *Noble braines*,
Tak't in your hand, Ile ſell't you for ſmall gaines,
Would'ſt thou know how to ſway the *Royall Throne*?
Live like a *King*, and make a *King* like none;
'Ile ſell that *Art*, good as the *Divell* ere made,
Thou never ſee a beetter Man of th'Trade,

(b) *Cardinalls* were appointed by *Pope Gregory* the 10. for the election of *Popes*. *Anno*, 1272.

Buy

Buy *Treasons* of the *Maker*, here are store,
Vpon my word, I am *great Babels* WHORE:
Here's *Powder Plots*, Oh most admired *Ware*,
They'l blow up *Kings* and *Kingdomes* in the *Ayre*,
Come hither Sir, are you for *Sea* or *Land*?
Her's *Plots* for both, will fit you out of hand;
How like you 88. Oh such a *Plot*
Will tame the fury of the curst *Scot*!
Her's the late *Fleet*, the *Flemish Butter Box*,
Saluted lately with so many knocks.
But the best *Plot* that ever yet was found
Is now on foot upon the *Irish Ground*,
Oh here is ware will quell your proudest Foe,
And make him swim in blood where ere you goe!
Take but one *Dram* of this, and it will make
Both *England*, *Wales* and *Scotland* too to quake,
'Tis the rar'st one my *Holinesse* hath brought
Vnto this *Fayre*, thus to be sold and bought,
I brought a *Paterne* purpose for this *Land*
To bring the *Heretick*s to my command,
Buy't for its vertue, for it hath a power
To free my *Land*, and set him out 'oth *Towre*,
Here's *Faux* his *Brain pan*, for a *Quaffing Bowll*
To drinke an *Health* in *Treasons* to his soul,
Gowries Conspiracie, or what else may be
Fatall to *Kings*, and Triumph unto *Me*,
Here's *Straffords Wit*, will teach you how to ride
In *Charles His Waine*, and through the *Stars* beside,
But like to *Phaeton* too busie with the *Sun*
He was throwne out, and so his life was *done*.
Come hither Sir, doe you desire to be
Greater then (*e*) *Kings*, or *Emperours* in degree,
Make *Kings* your (*d*) *Slaves*, and *Emperors* kisse your (*e*) *Toe*,
And to your *Highnesse* make them barefoot goe?
I have that *Art*, no Mortall can compare,
Or ever bring the like to any *Fayre*:
'Tis better then *Lawn-sleeves*, for this will make
Not onely *Kings*, but *Kingdomes* too to shake,
Not many *Kings* surceas'd, I was *supreame*
Here in this *Ile*, but time hath turnd the streame.

(*c*) *Pope Innocents* arrogated to himselfe power to crown and deprive *Emperours*, *Kings*, and *Princes* at his pleasure, Anno 1195.

(*d*) *Pope Alexander* the 3. compelled *Lewes* King of *France*, and *Henry* King of *England*, to be his Lackies. *Pope Adrian* was angry with the *Emperour* for holding the left Stirrop. Anno 1158.

(*e*) *Pope Leo* the first offered his feet to *Princes* to be kissed. Anno 850.

But though the thing be something out of date,
Here's Plots to boot, which will renew its state,
Come buy this *Gem*, then in small time I hope
You'll prove a *Prelate*, but beware the *Rope*.
Here's ayd for th *Irish*, to subdue and quell
The *Protestants*, and send them thence to *Hell*:
Oh that curst *Crew*, I have new *Plots* in store
To shed their blood and leave them in their Goare,
Millions of Money I have had ere while
For stratagems invented for this *Ile*,
Well let them thrive, I may ere long I hope
Shew them a trick thus to abuse the *Pope*,
My eldest *Son* sole *heire* unto my *Powre*
Whom they most falsly have clapt in the *Towre*,
I will redeeme if in this sacred *Fayre*,
I can get money for my popish ware,
Ile be reveng'd, or else my Triple-crowne
Shall lye at stake, to credit his renowne,
You that affect his sacred holinesse
Ile sell you plots will free him from distresse,
Come buy them *Tribe of Levi*, for I know
You'd free your *Primate*, if you knew but how,
Come here ye *Dunn-Diegoes*, view and see
My *Romish Conclave*, come and buy of me,
If you want Treasons or confounding Plots
To conquer *England* and subdue the *Scots*,
Here buy this plot, and take it on my word,
It is the best the Divells in hell afford,
I have a thousand thousand Divells to bring
Tydings from Nations, and from every King,
How States are sway'd, and how they're wheeld about,
Some at the court, and some with rable-rout,
That I know when the fittest time will be
To make a commick state a tragadie,
Whereat my muse began to start aside
As one that scarce durst longer there abide
To see such *Sparks* of *Velvet*, as came there
To cheapen treasons; but I will forbeare,
To nominate, to whom the Pope did vent
Accursed *Plots* to breake our Parliament;

To see such trading there my Muse resolv'd,
To try else where what other things were sold,
And thence departing further she espi'd
The *Roman Cardinalls* in glorious pride,
Their stalls were so adorn'd with severall kinds
Of Babels Trinkets to content their minds,
Which made her wonder, wondring did behold
*Saints in their blood lye groveling on the mould,
Their Shops and hangings were besmear'd with blood
Of Martyr'd soules, which had their Lawes withstood,
Gazing at this, the next thing that she saw
Were bleeding hearts, squeez'd in a griping paw,
Dividing aire with hell-breath'd Dialect
In these harsh tearms, Oh now I could discect,
Thousands of soules, thus peecemale in my spight
Though their curs'd Wives and Children were in sight,
Here are devises for to torture those
That shall his *holiness* or us oppose,
Our *Spanish Inquisition* if you'l buy
'Twill fit you for all tortures presently,
This I brought with me 'cause I heard of late
Your *High-Commission* is grown out of date,
Here's a conceit will make both great and small
Nations, and peoples, kindreds, tongues and all,
Bow to your *Marke*, and number of your *Name*
That none shall buy or sell without the same.
Then cries another here is *Purgatory*,
Limbo Infantum, *Patrum*, and the Story
Of *Bell* and *Dragon*, *Tobit* and his *Dogg*
Come buy these *Trinkets* and away lle jogg,
Here's the (f) *Decretals* (g) *Pardons* for the dead
Indulgences the holy *Crosse* and *Bread*,
The next to him a salvage *Bowre* hood
Much like the other that was dipt in blood,
And he sold fire and faggots to torment
And burne the *Saints* up all incontinent,
Another he had got a world of *Spits*
With *Instruments* to hack them all to bits,
Another he sold *Hunger Thirst* and *cold*
With loathsome *Goales* for such as should be bold,

* Persecution for conscience came in under *Pope Pelagius* 2. *Anno*. 582. after established, at the great Lateran Councell, *Anno*, 1215. retained in England by bloody Bishops and their Courts to the yeare 1641.

* Foretold Rev. 13. first allaied by *Boniface* the first, granted by *Emperour Phocas* a Tyrant, and *Emperour Constantine* 2. Obtained by *Pope Boniface* the 3. *Anno*. 607.

(f) *Pope Leo* the third decreed that all mens judgements must be subject to the *Popes* decrees. *Anno*. 819.

(g) *Nicholas* the first, that they should be equall with Gods Word, *Anno*, 871.

Once

Once to controle them in their papall sway,
Or dash their glory with an heavenly ray,
But the most hideous gastly sight of all
Was a fierce Fiend, an other *Cardinall*:
For in his shop with horrour and amaze
Were all the tortures us'd in former dayes,
The ten hot *Persecutions*, in their rage,
And all the rest us'd in this present *Age*,
Were there at sale, that he appeard to be
More cruell farre then sterarn *Tesiphone*,
Snakie hair'd Megera, *Alecto* fell,
Are scarce so cruell in th'Infernall *Cell*,
Sometimes h s shop was fild with sulphurie smoak,
One would have thought his chapmen would'been choakt
Then presently the fire and faggot blaz'd
Which made my muse affrighted stand amaz'd,
To see such Millions frying in the fire
While this stearn *Tyrant* gnash't his teeth with *Ire*,
The *Skins* of Saints, their *Tongues*, their *eyes*, and *eares*,
Were there at sale with floods of brimish teares.
Weary of this, my Muse display'd her Wing
And soaring higher heard the welkin Ring,
With various voyces chattering in the Ayre,
To sell their *Trinkets* in new *Lambeth-Fayre*:
Bald-pated *Fryers*, with th'Infernall *Traine*
Of *Romish* Vermine cri'd with might and maine,
Their severall *Trinkets*, **Priests* and all the rest
Of *Hell*-sent *Locusts*, that came with the *Beast*,
Cald to their chap-men, swearing by the *Masse*
Their ware was such as through the World might passe,
(*k*) *Anthems* and (*l*) *Hymnes*, and (*m*) *Dirges* for the dead,
The (*n*) *Latin Masse* with the *Incarnate Bread*,
Bell Book and *Candle*, to accurse all evill,
And (*o*) *Holy water* to affright the *Devill*,
Divine (*p*) *Procession*, holy (*q*) *Pilgrimage*
All sorts of *Whimsies*, fit for every age,
Fresh *Avie Maries* from the holy function,
Cream, (*r*) *Salt*, and *Spittle*, with the (*ss*) sacred *Vnction*,
Orders for (*t*) *Priests*, (*u*) *Monks*, (*w*) *Friers*, and the nest
Of *Abbie Lubbers*, Priors, and the rest,

*It was decreed at a Counsell uheld at *Lions* under *Pope Grenory* the 10. Anno 1271. That all *Parsons* and *Vicars* should be called for ever after *Pryests*, & no more *Prelats*,

(*k*) *Pope Gregory* the 1. devised *Anthems*.

(*l*) *Pope Damasus* added *Hymnes* to the *Service*.

(*m*) *Pope Pelagius* the 1. *Ordained* Funerall *Dirges*, with *Masses* of *requiem* to be sung For the dead. Anno 552.

(*n*) *Pope Greg.* the 1. Ordained the *Office* of the *Masse* Anno 590. Authors of the *Masse*, *Gregory*, *Gelasius*, *Siricius*, *Clement*, *Alexander*, *Pelagius*, *Sergius* &c. *Popes*.

(*o*) Invented by *Alexander* the 1. Anno 110.

(*p*) First commanded by *Pope Agapetus* Anno 533.

(*q*) *Pope Cletus* allowed *Pilgrimages* Anno 81.

(*r*) *Oyle* and *Cream*, brought in by *Pope Clement*. Anno. 92.

(*ss*) Appoynted for dying *Persons*, by *Pope Felix* 4. Anno 525.

The *shirt* of *haires*, the (x) *Penance* and the (y) *Crosse*,
Prayers unto Saints, and such like popish drosse,
Shroving of women. with such pritty knacks,
To calculate the *Stars* upon their backs,
Morning Orisons, prostrate on their beds,
And (z) *Virgin Nuns* cri'd out their *Maiden-heads*:
Omne Venale others cry and call
Here's *Money Pardons* to forgive you all.
You that are *Blades*, and doe desire to roare,
Here's *Dispensations* for to wench and whore,
Here's *carnall Merits*, *Rites*, and *Innovations*,
And *Ceremonies*, for all kind of *Nations*.
(a) *Vitalian* Cri'd with *Organs* on his back
Iust fidler like, what Musick doe you lack,
And dancing after, (b) *Guido* 'gan to play,
And quaver'd out, *Vt*, *Re*, *My*, *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*,
Lay out your money, others cry 'tis drosse
Here's (d) *Paschall Tapers*, (e) *creepings to the crosse*,
(f) *Tentales* for soules departed, (g) laced *Palmes*,
(h) *Hermits aparell*, consecrated *Almes*,
Here's (i) holy fire for *Easters Eve* to heat
Your stomacks to concoct your *Sunday's* meat,
(k) *Church Consecrations*, *Ornaments of gold*,
And *hallow'd Golgotha's* (l) *Calixtus sold*,
Collects and *Respends* (m) *Gregory* calls aloud,
And (n) *Sabian* with his *Bells* ran through the croud,
Iejune (o) *Telesphorus Iack-a-lent* did bring
(Brought hither first by *Carcomberrus* King.)
Then presently *Pope Ioan* cries as she rides,
My back, my back, my belly and both my sides,
And in a fury cals (as she were wild)
Come hither friends, and buy this holy *Child*,
And *Innocent* to wash of *Adams* sinn,
Brought *holy water* to *baptize* it in.
Synods and Counsells, others came to vent,
The *Lateran*, *Nicene*, *Bracharence*, and *Trent*,
The *Orleans*, *Lyons*: endlesse is the kind
Of various *Reliques* that are yet behind,
All there at sale: But in the very pride
Of this *New Faire*, my prying Muse espi'd

(t) *Pope Anacletus* ordained *Preists* for every Town, village &c Anno 101.
(u) First *Monkish Order* began under *Pope Siricius*, first raised by *Basilius magnus Bishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia*. Anno. 389.
(w) *Pope innocent* 3. in the 18. Yeare of his papacy ordained *Fryers*, there be nine severall *Orders* of them.
(x) *Penance*, was invented by Pope *Nicholas* the first.
(y) *Crosse* in *Baptisme* first commanded by Pope *Clement*. Anno. 92.
(z) *Pope Iohn* the first raised up the *Order* of *Nuns*.
(a) *Pope Vitalian* first brought in Organs into the Church, Ann 653.
(b) *Guido Aretinus* the first, devised these six notes.
(d) *Pope Zozimus* ordained the *Paschall Tapers* to be Hallowed, Anno 414.
(e) *Pope Gregory* the first brought *creepings to the Crosse* into the Church.
(f) By *Gregory*.
(g) *Ibid*.
(h) The first

An ugly *Owle* came fluttering through the aire
On purpose sure to view their popish ware,
Much like that Ichreching broadfac'd Bird of night
Whose three dayes daring presence did affright,
Romes mighty Senate, that they durst not stay;
But thought it was the Divell, and ran away.
Even so this *Owle* (pearch'd on the top of all.
The sacred *Crosse* fixt on the *Pope* his stall;
Which when they saw some gan to hoote, and fling
Their *Crosier Staffes*, to make her take the wing,
But this bold *Bird* of darknesse would not rise
Do what they could, but staring with her eyes,
Out-fac'd them all, which presently amaz'd
The *Pope* himselfe, who thought the Divell had gaz'd;
That in affright they pack'd up all their *Ware*,
For *Rome* againe, and left *New Lambeth Faire*.
But our more bolder *Bishops* not affraid,
Of *Owles*, nor *Divells*, were nothing dismay'd,
But with undanted Courage all amaine,
Came to this *Fayre* thus consecrate againe,
The *Cleark* ofth' *Fayre* was presently bespoken,
To give them liberty their *Stalls* to open:
Proclaim't againe, the *Bishops* all they cry'd,
Wee'll try if we can longer here abide:
The *Clerke* gave leave, the *Cryer* on a Hill
Standing, began to cry with voyce so shrill,

O yes, Oyes, I doe cry,
The Bishops Trinckets who will buy?

This being done of *Bishops* all the Crew,
Began with speed, their wearing Robes to shew,
And with extended voyce, they all did cry,
Come Customers, see what you lack and buy,
Here's (*b*) Vestments Consecrate, all sorts and sizes,
You may have here, if you'l come to the prises:
Buy Fayrings for your Children, here are toyes,
Fit for your purpose, be they Gerls, or Boyes;
Caps for your Boyes, to hurle into the aire,
And *Beads* for Gerles, are here in *Lambeth Fayre*;

What

began under *Pope Silvester.* Anno 325.

(i) Holy-fire ordained by *Zosimus.*

(k) *Pope Ignius* first ordained Churches to bee hallowed, Anno 243.

(l) *Pope Calixtus* first ordained Church-yards, and the hallowing of them. Ann. 222.

(m) *Pope Gregory* first, and *Pope Gelasius* first brought them in.

(n) *Pope Sabian* first brought Bells into the Church. Anno 603.

(o) To prevent Shee Popes it was decreed that at their election they should sit bare arsed in a bottomlesse Chaire, and a *Cardinall* with al humility should groape with his hand whether &c. if he had them, then the *Cardinall* should cry, *Testiculos habet*, answer *Deo gratias.* Anno. 860.

* About the yeare 248. lived a priest called Fidus, 158. yeares after Iohn the Apostle, who would that young children should bee baptised upon the 8. day. But Cyprian with

What though these Robes were first devis'd in Hell,
Tush thats no matter, we'll good pen-worths sell:
Here look upon them, they are good and strong,
They'r neate and handsom, and will last you long,
They'r very full and large you nere saw stronger;
I would not sell them durst I keepe them longer.
Buy a *Crucifixe*, another loud doth call,
'Twill scare the *Devill*, and will preserve your soule;
Lay out your money, hang up worldly Pelfe,
I will sel't cheaper, then *I* had't my selfe:
It's strange to se how men their money keepe,
What come you all to *Lambeth-Fayre* to sleepe;
Come buy *Lawn sleeves* I have no money took,
Here try them on, you'l like a *Bishop* looke:
And may get honour both of great and small,
And Lord it ore your fellow Brethren all:
If that the times should chance once more to turne,
Then might you Lord it, like as we have done,
Come hither Friend, and buy this silken Gowne,
I'm sure you cannot match't in *Lambeth* Towne:
In this same Gowne, did *Canterburies Grace*,
At *High-Commission* shew his graceless face;
Many a storme, and shower it will abide,
Yea, and a world of knaverie it will hide;
Sir, looke upon't, and view it at your leisure,
Goe to the price, for you I faine would pleasure,
Come buy his *Graces Gowne*, the price is small,
And if you will I'le sell you grace and all.
Though he have worn't, it's neere the worse for wearing,
Girt it but close and never feare the tearing.
Come buy my *Crosier staffe*, another he begins,
Tis excellent to keepe Dogs from your shins:
Pray Sir let me some of your money take,
And keepe this staffe for its old masters sake.
Another comes as if his back would breake,
Burthen'd with *Vestures*, and gan thus to speake,
Trinckets I have good store, within my packe,
I pray you view them, and see what you lack;
See for your love, and for your Money buy,
Name what you want, I'le fit you presently,

66. *Bishops ordained they should retaine it without delay. About* 300. *yeares after the* Apostles *it became more generall.* Cassander in lib. de Infant. Bap. *It was ratify'd and confirmed by pope* Innocent 3. *at the second* Braccharense *Counsell, Anno* 610. *Decreed likewise at the* 5. Carthage *Counsell retained and continued still in* England; *more's the pitty.*

Pope Eginius *decreed Godfathers, and God-mothers Ann.* 143.

(o) *Pope* Steven the first decreed that a *Priest* in time of divine service should use no other but Hallowed garments *Anno* 261.

(p) First brought into *England* by *Austin* the *Monk*, sent by *Pope* Gregory the first, to preach the doctrine of *Rome*, with all their *Superstitions* and *Traditions* first entertained at *Canterbury*, *Ann.* 596.

My packe it is a *Wardrope* large and faire,
Wherein are *Mitres*, *Caps* rotund and square,
The rar'st *Episcopalls*, that ere you see,
Are in my pack, come pray you buy of me;
Here's rich Embroydred ware, chuse where you please,
I have a thousand such like knacks as these:
Buy this brave Rochet, buy this curious Cope,
The tippet, Scarfe, they all came from the (r) *Pope*.
'Ile sell them at a rate you cannot loose,
Or else exchange them for a pair of shooes;
I must to *Rome*, I can no longer stay,
I pray you buy them, I must hence away.
Then after that unto this jolly *Fayre*,
A little *Wren*, came flying through the ayre.
And on his back betwixt his wings he bore,
A minster stuft, with *Crosses*, (s) *Altars* store:
With sacred (t) *Fonts*, and rare guilt *Cherubims*,
And bellowing *Organs* chanting curious *Hymnes*;
The hallow'd Host, dum *Priests* and *singing boyes*,
With Antick Cringers, and a thousand toyes:
Thus then this mighty Wren, unto the *Fayre*,
Brought his *Cathedrall* pack, thus stuft with ware.
The doore's wide-op't, there thousands came to see,
The *Romish* Reliques of the Hierarchie;
Where all were set to sale, and at low rate,
Because they gan to wax quite out of date:
Buy my high *Altars*, he lifts up his voice,
All sorts of *Masse Bookes*, here you may have choice:
Here's (u) bells *baptiz'd*, will make a dainty sound,
Pray if you please step in and ring them round:
Then after that were seene a *Regiment*,
Of *Hell-borne Locusts* from *Cocytus* sent,
To draw a mighty Cart wherein were brought,
(x) *Plurality* of Churches to be bought:
Then came another if he had beene there,
Would scar'd the *Devills* from th' *Infernall Sphere*.
For store of *Crosses* on his back he bore,
Charin, and *Cheap-side* and a thousand more,
And cri'd what though they be condemn'd of *Treason*
Come buy them quickly while they are in season.

(r) Priests apparell invented by Pope Zachary, Anno 752.

(s) Pope Sixtus the 2. first ordained Altars.

(t) Pins the first brought in Fonts, Anno 147.

(u) Durandus saith that the sound of Bells cause tempests, thunderings, Lightnings, Winds, wicked Spirits, and Divell to cease.

(x) Plurality of Benefices was condemned at a Counsell, held at Lyons by 600. Bishops, and 1000. Prelates, Anno 1273. Notwithstanding continued in England till the yeare 1642.

Then cri'd an other, Sir, what will you buy?
I pray ſtep in Sir, do not ſo paſſe by:
Here's a *Cathedra*, once Saint *Peters chaire*,
The rareſt thing to buy in *Lambeth-fayre*,
The candid (*w*) Surpleſſe with the Wedding *Ringes*:
Pictures for Bibles, and ſuch pretty things:
Here's the late (*x*) *Canons*, and the new found *Oaths*:
To ſell *Et cætera* I am very loath:
You formerly have heard by true Relation
Theſe are the toyes wee made i'th' *convocation*:
Oath ex Officio, here if you will buy:
Or (*y*) *High commiſſion*, take it preſently.
Here's (*z*) *Ember weekes* with thin-chapt *Jack-a-lent*,
To helpe you at a pinch when all is ſpent:
Here's (*a*) *Holy Dayes* to ſport the time away:
Or Booke of Paſtimes for the *Sabbath Day*:
Here's *Deanes* and *Prebends* and the filthy Neſt
Of *Purſevants*, *Promoters*, and the reſt,
Chancelours, *Officialls*, *Surrogates*, and all
The lofty *Courtiers* of *Commiſſion Hall*.
Come *Clergy* Chapmen, to your *Hierarchie*,
Here's excellent ware, as good as ere you ſee;
Iure Divino, that is become our Doome,
Wee'l ſel't for Warfage to the Coaſt of *Rome*,
Burialls, and *Churchings*, we have wondrous ſtore,
Vpon my word, they all came from the *Whore*;
Then next to him, a fiery fat guts fell,
Brought ſix and twenty *Biſhoprick*s to ſell:
With gags and whips, and Priſons for all thoſe
That ſhould their curſed Hierarchie oppoſe,
With catch him *Purſevant*, take him to the *Jayle*,
There let him lye without *Mainprize* or *Baile*,
Ere he get from us, wee will make him ſee
Experimentally, we *Biſhops* bee:
Our Courts and *Iuriſdictions* are at ſale:
Come buy them quickly, ere they be too ſtale.
An other *Biſhop*, with a Beat did ride,
And with extended voyce he loudly cri'd,
To Schollars all that *Miniſters* would bee,
Come hither, buy the *Holy Ghoſt* of mee;

(*w*) under Pope Adrian at a Synod at Franckford, 796.
(*x*) Made by the Convocat. in England An. 1640.
(*y*) Pardons in England, anno 1642.
(*z*) Calixtus ordained them 4. times in the yeare Anno 208.
(*a*) brought in by ſeverall Popes. Eaſter day by Pope Pius 1. Anno 147. Midſommer day by Silveſter 1. Anno 315. Feaſt of All Saints by Boniface, 4. Anno 606. Candlemas, by Pope Swinehout, An. 684.

But *Simon Magus* he was in the ground,
And none to buy the *Holy Ghost* was found.
Another *Bishop* lifting up his voyce,
Cri'd out amaine, of Livings I have choice,
I'le sell you two or three, if that you please,
So you'le have money comming in with ease,
If that to Preach your selfe you can't indure,
Get some poore *Iourney-man* to serve your *Cure*;
You'l quickly light on such a one I trow,
We have made more, then how to live doe know,
Brought into the Church by Gregory 1. Anno 590
Wax(d) Candells, Tapers, another cries and calls,
These brought I with me from *Cathedrall Paules*,
They'l feare the Divell, and put him unto flight,
When he perceives a consecrated light;
When we at *Mattens*, and at *Even-song* were,
We had them by us then, devoyde of feare;
They'l bring delight unto your eyes and nose,
They burne so cleere and smell so like a Rose,
Or else you may on whom you will bestow it,
They'l joy to thinke a *Bishop* once did owe it.
Come hither Friend, another loud doth call,
I'le sell you here my *Common-Prayer-Bookes* all,
Sir view this same, and take it in your hand,
This *Booke* but lately no man durst withstand,
For if he did, and wee thereof did heare,
Wee forthwith made him a Commissioner,
And if he chan'd appearance for to misse,
To *Limbo Patrum* he was sent for this:
And if he did not us some mony give,
Ju that *Abysse* we doom'd him still to live.
Money my hearts another loud doth call;
I see I am not now in Lambeth Hall,
No sooner I from Dinner then was risen,
Men brought me chinke to free them out of Prison.
I'm broake, I'm broake, another then did say,
Come buy my Hoods, I can no longer stay:
What meane you Sirs? the day is almost spent,
Come buy my Trinkets all incontinent:
Come hither friend, the price is very small,
Ile tell my *Coate*, it is Canonicall;

Come buy this *Miter* Sir, if you be able,
The vertue of it is inestimable,
Buy't Sir, and weare it, and then soon I hope,
You will rise higher and become a *Pope*;
I tell you truely had not fortune left me
I would have kept it untill Death bereft me,
An other *Bishop* he a Pack brought in,
The which was stuft with *Licences* toth'brim,
And presently he cryeth out with fury,
Here's *Licences* to Preach, to Church and bury:
If Wedding's out and you'r dispos'd to Wed,
Come buy a *Licence* and away to Bed.
It now beginning to grow towards night,
Comes a grave *Doctor* running in with might,
His courage stout was something now abated,
He brings his golden *Slippers*, consecrated,
And crys, come buy these *Slippers* here of mine,
They are emboss'd with *Holines Divine*;
They will in all your wayes preserve you sound,
And with them you may tread on holy Ground,
They'r fild with *Holinesse* within, and round about,
Here looke upon them, see how't breaketh out.
What all passe by? 'tis strange time turns her wheell,
And bends her borw upon us, that we feell,
No *handsaile* yet, our *ware's* becharmed sure,
And (like our selves) there's none will it indure.
It's doom'd to dismall fate, despis'd and scorn'd,
Though nev'r so costly, or so much adorn'd;
Here's *omne venale*, yet no money flies,
Our *Ware's* dog-cheape, and thus our credit dies:
For such a *Fayre* I never did behold,
We bring our *Ware*, but nothing can be sold:
I wonder said one, what was our intent,
To make our *Fayre* thus at the *Parliament*,
For we are mocked here by sawcy Jacks,
They bid the *Pedlars* to put up their *Packs*:
We thought our *ware* would sould at such a price,
And of our hands been vented in a trice,
That this last Act upon the *English* Stage,
Would 'forded money for our *Pilgrimage*
To *Babylon the Great*: How'ere we dream'd no lesse
Then *Ransom* for his 'prisoned *Holinesse*: But

Marriage made a Church affayre by Evaristus.

But he, nor we, must in this *Lambeth Faire*
Get helpe I see by this our *Popish Ware*.
Whilst thus the *Bishops* there, their *gues*, and they,
Cald to their *Customers* to come away:
A *Messenger* came running through the croud,
And to the *Bishops* thus he spake aloud,
Away to *Rome* or *Tiburne* chuse you whether,
I know your shooes are made of *running leather*:
For all the Lawes oth' Land, you have out-run,
And *I* come here to tell you what is done,
The *Parliament* hath cast you from their *Spheare*,
For *dire Aspects* that yee have caused there,
Ye are devoted and from thence are hurl'd
And lie like Starres shot on the lower world,
Your ware's not worth a fart for all your cogging,
See where the Hangman comes a way, be jogging;
Then comes young *Gregory* with an Hempen Broome,
To sweep these Vermin to the Sea of *Rome*;
A Broome said *I*? my tongue it surely falters,
'Twas *Tiburne* hung with six and twentie Halters,
Which scar'd them all to see that hard mishap,
They'd rather ten times seen a Cornerd Cap.
With that the *Bishops* cri'd we are undone,
we are so fatt, alas we cannot run,
But unto them a lustie Porter struts,
Sirs here's a *Basket* that will hold your Guts;
Take my advise, (the knave hath Halters plentie)
You'l run the better when your bellie's emptie.
Alas cry'd they, is all our labour losse?
Others get money, we have got the Crosse!
For we are crossed in our expedition,
And flie we must, for all our late Petition,
Yet notwithstanding herein lies our hope,
We shall be entertained by the *Pope*.
With that like men of Senece quite bereft,
They trold away and all their trinckets left,
A friend of mine to me did then repaire,
Desiring me, to pen this famous *Fayr*,
Which I have done, and have it here to sell;
Come buy the *Fayre* of me, and so farewell.

FINIS.

Bur

27

A TALE
In a
TUB
OR,
A TUB
LECTURE

As it was delivered by *My-heele Mendſoale*, an Inſpired Browniſt, and a moſt upright Tranſlator.

In a meeting houſe neere *Bedlam*, the one and twentieth of *Decembler*, Laſt, 1641.

Written by J.T.

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